

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.
AN AUGUSTA BOY IN A WHALER-III.

[We published No. II of this account last March, when the Augusta boy was in the Cape Cod, Middleton, the commander of his vessel, had just spoken an English vessel.]

After speaking the Englishman, we cruised in the neighborhood a few days, and not seeing any whales, the Captain concluded to try his luck farther south. One day the mate asked me how I would like to go on shore. I told him that I should like it very much. He said that he and some of the other men were going on shore to hunt, and that he was going to take Holister Peck and myself to stay by the boat, while he and the others were gone hunting. When everything was ready we manned the boat, and after a long pull of about eight miles, landed on the shore near by a brook. The mate and the three other men took their guns and started for the shore. Peck and I busied ourselves running about among the rocks and up on the sides of the hills, and were enjoying ourselves very much as boys would after our confinement of months on shipboard, when, to our great surprise and consternation, we saw seven canoes, manned by Indians, coming around a point of land that was near by. They had sighted our boat, and were making for the shore. We went to the boat and watched to see what they were going to do. They all landed near the brook, which was two or three hundred feet on the farther side of us from the way they had come. All of them got out of their canoes and came for our boat. When within about fifty feet they stopped, but one fellow came to the boat, and took out one of the harpoons that were in the forward part. He held the harpoon up, and made some talk to the other Indians, which we could not understand, and at the same time made motions to get his knife to cut the line that was fast to it. I told Peck to take it away from him, and not to let the Indians know that we were afraid of them, for if we did they would kill us, and take what was in the boat. He did what I told him; took hold of the harpoon in the most resolute way, and pulled it away from the Indian, pushed him back, and gave him one of his terrifying looks.

I think that Peck could give the most blood-curdling look of any person that I ever saw. He had a fashion of hauling up one corner of his mouth, and bringing his blind eye down to meet it; he then gave his nose a peculiar twist, and glared at you with that one eye, which was very large and bright, it would make a person feel very uncomfortable indeed. He turned that awful look full on the Indian, who started back and looked at Peck, and tried to make the same kind of a face. I then went up to him, and endeavored to make him understand by signs that we were not alone; that there were men close by with guns, and if he took anything from the boat, they would shoot him. I pointed to the ship, which was several miles off at sea. This, and the way in which Peck had treated him, made him think that he was not going to have things all his own way. He went to where the others were standing, and talked with them, and I could tell by the motions they made that they understood what I had tried to make them understand, for they would motion toward the ship, then in the direction the men had gone hunting, and at the boat. They got quite excited. Some wanted to rob the boat, and others thought that it would not do, as near as I could understand. Finally, the same fellow that had been there before, and he appeared to be a kind of leader, came back and walked around, and looked at everything, and then came and sat down where I was sitting in the boat. He took hold of my hand, and took a silver ring off my finger. I made motions that he could keep it, which appeared to please him. He then lit his pipe, and gave me a match, making motions for me to light mine, which I did, and we sat there and smoked, and carried on quite a lively conversation in the sign language.

The other Indians came and looked the boat over. I think they had made up their minds that it would not be safe for them to take anything, for they acted more friendly than they did at first. They probably thought at first that we were castaways, and they had found a prize, and were going to help themselves to whatever we had. Finally, by an order from the fellow that had my ring, they all hurried into their canoes, and paddled off down the coast. When the hunters returned, I told the mate about our visitors. He laughed, and said that they would not hurt us. They did hurt me, for I felt very uncomfortable while they were there, and I was glad when they were gone.

We launched the boat and pulled up along the coast about two miles to a large village. We landed and went through the town and into some of the houses. There were about fifty houses in the place, built of walrus hides, cone shaped, about eight or ten feet high. The sleeping places looked like horse stalls, and very low and narrow. All lined inside with fur, they looked to be well protected from cold, and I suppose they were clean enough to satisfy Esquimaux or Tchukchi, as these people are called. The odor was unbearable and we hurried to get out in the open air. Outside the smell was sickening. Animal remains were strewn about in all directions. Dogs were numerous and very savage, but the women kindly kept them from eating us, which they showed a disposition to do. There were a few very old men who appeared to be almost helpless; the others were all gone hunting. The people who had visited us in the morning belonged to this village. This was on the Asiatic coast; it is described thus in the Polar World: "At the extreme north-eastern point of Asia, bounded by the polar ocean on one side and the Behring sea on the other, lies the land of the Tchukchi. The few who have visited that bleak promontory describe it as one of the most dreary places on the earth. The climate is

drearily cold, as may be expected in a country confined between icy seas. Before July 20th there is no appearance of summer, and winter sets in about August the 20th. The lower grounds shelving to the north are intersected by numerous streams which enjoy their liberty but a short time of the year. The valleys are mostly swamp and filled with small lakes or ponds, while on the bleak hill slopes vegetation and the dwarf birch or willow sparingly vegetate under a carpet of mosses and lichens. The eastern, northeastern, and partly southern coast abound with walrus, sea lions, and seals, while the reindeer, the argali, the wolf, and the Arctic fox occupy the land; during the short summer, geese, swans, ducks, and wading birds frequent the marshy grounds, but in winter the snow owl and the raven alone remain and constantly follow the path of the nomadic inhabitants."

It was the first part of August that we were here, and the only time that I was on shore while we were in these northern regions. When we returned to the ship we learned that the Captain had made up his mind to leave the Arctic. Our luck had been poor, we had not taken a whale since leaving New London, with the exception of a dead one that we found. He had been fastened to by some other ship's boat, their line parted, or they had cut from him to keep from being run into the ice and having their boat stove, which often happens in Arctic whaling. We found two harpoons in his body when he was cut up.

We sailed through Behring's Strait into the Behring's Sea, and stood away to the westward. Off a place called Petropulsk we killed our first whale. The man at the mast-head sings out, "There she blows!" Every one is excited; in a moment the captain calls, "Where away?" "Three points abaft the beam to leeward!" or "right ahead!" or wherever it may be. The yards are braced up or squared away, the sails are trimmed, and the ship is headed for the whale. If he is in any distance off, the harpooners are busy in seeing that everything is in proper shape on the boats. When as near as it will do to go with the ship she is brought to the wind, and the main yards are hauled back, and the order is given to stand by to lower the boats. "Lower away!" Every man in his place in a moment, and the boats are headed for the whale. This one proved to be a humphack. We approached him very cautiously, when he went down, or "sounded," as sailors say. We pulled near the spot where we thought he would come up, and lay on our oars. He came up right under the bow of the first mate's boat, and Boswell Waterman, the harpooner, drove two harpoons into him. The whale struck the boat with his flukes and knocked Waterman and Jim Fisk overboard before they had time to "stern" clear of him. They were soon picked up. The whale then started for the bottom of the sea, and he went at a lively rate. The line is coiled in a tub about the size of the boat; it leads aft, and there is a turn taken around the logghead in the stern, then forward through a slot in the bow, then fastened to the harpoon. A whale while the line so fast that one man is kept busy pouring water on it all the time to keep it from catching fire. They generally come to the surface in about fifteen or twenty minutes, as they have to come up to blow. When this one came up he was some distance from the boat. He went to windward as fast as he could go, with three boats fastened to him; then he would go down, and we would have to pay out line. After running and sounding and fighting for several hours, he came up under the third mate's boat. As the boat slid off his back, Mr. Newbury churned the lance into him; that made him spout blood. That fixed him. When he was dying he made the water fly lively, and we had to keep out of his way. He was taken alongside the ship and made fast with a big chain. He made sixty-five barrels of oil.

We went from here into the Okhotsk sea and after cruising about a short while and taking no whales we sailed into the Japan sea. Our luck was not any better. From here we sailed for Magdalena bay in lower California, to try our luck by whaling. On the passage Mr. Newbury came up to the masthead one day where I was on the lookout, and asked me if I could keep a secret. I told him that I could. He then told me that he and Waterman, Verzie Smith and Jim Fisk, were going to take one of the boats and leave the ship as soon as we got in the bay. They were going along the coast to San Francisco; that the mate knew about it, and would help them off. He said that they wanted another man, and they had agreed to take me if I would go. He wanted me to think it over and let him know. I told him I did not want to go. After a long passage we anchored in the bay late in the afternoon. That night Mr. Newbury set the anchor-watch. Peck and I were to be on deck from eight to ten, then we were to call Jim Fisk and Black Jack, an Englishman. He was chosen in my place. They were to be on from 10 to 12; between 11 and 12 was the time appointed to leave the ship. Everything was ready when I went below; they were all well armed and provisioned. I bid them all good by and that was the last time that I ever saw any of them. The captain came on deck some time before daylight. He found the deck deserted and as he saw the boat was gone he called the mate and they came into the forecastle with a light to see how many had gone. They were every man, for every one pretended to be asleep. After counting all over he said to the mate, "Well, Fisk, it is not so bad as I expected; there are only three of them—rats, rats, rats, and your brother is one of them." Mr. Fisk pretended to be very much surprised. He said that he thought Jim was the last man who would do anything of the kind, the captain said if he could only catch them that he would teach them better than to rob his ship on the high seas. He would have them all hanged for pirates when he got home. All this time he did not know that three more went from the steerage. We therefore found that he was fairly wild with rage. He ordered all hands on deck to get up

Choice Miscellany.

A LITTLE LOVE OF MINE.

I know a little love maid
And sweet, who claims me for her knight.
And, I confess, I'm half afraid
She thinks what I do is right.
The reason why I may not tell,
She's five, while I am twenty-nine,
And yet we love each other well,
I and this little love of mine.

She has a slender, lissome form,
Brown eyes where truth and truth abide,
A Cupid's mouth where kisses warm,
Rose cheeks where dimples dimly hide,
A smile she borrowed from the skies
In some rare hour of summer time,
A soft sweet orison, glad or wise,
And thus this little love of mine.

La reine petite, the little queen,
Swift to forgive as to command,
The daintiest monarch ever seen,
She keeps her subjects well in hand,
Their language is the language of love,
She rules by childhood's right divine,
And richer kingdom none may ask
Than has this little love of mine.

The boundary of her empire lies
In some fair walls, her wealth untold,
The lovelight in her mother's eyes,
A treasure greater far than gold,
Soft downy locks, and fragrant flowers,
And light winds calling to the skies:
But if my soul might win the bliss
Of love from Father Time,
'T would be to leave her as she is,
This dainty little love of mine.

—Rosa DeForest, in Youth's Companion.

SENATORS ARE SACRED.

Senatorial exclusiveness is growing thicker.

Many complaints have been made of late of the increasing tendency of the American Senate to erect barriers between themselves and the great public. Time was, says the Washington News, when a citizen could find access to the ear of a senator with his complaints and his suggestions, about as easily as he could reach a representative, and that is no more difficult than to get audience with any very busy business man.

When the senate was in actual session the doorkeeper would carry in a card—the drop-a-pasteboard—in the slot-and-bring-out-a-legislator process—which still works over at the house unless the member happens to know that you have a little private bill, or want to get a relative into office, or perchance Mr. Reed is on his feet, or a new story is being told in the environs of Mr. Kilgore's seat.

One innovation which marked the beginning of this session is being remarked upon at the capitol. Formerly the box-like historic chamber which so impresses the casual visitor by its stately, towering walls, was thrown open for whoever cared to enter at all times when the senate was not in action. The privileges of the public have been slightly curtailed this session by a new custom, the closing of the doors to visitors at nine o'clock in the morning, and the closing of the doors to the senate has been adjourned in the afternoon. Few people in Washington have finished breakfast at nine o'clock, none of them go to the capitol before that hour, so that inspection of the senate chamber by visitors will hereafter be limited to the view from the galleries, and the door will be closed when the senate is in executive session.

No more tourists from the far states can take home with them the story of how they sat in the vice president's chair and curled their limbs under the desk where Roscoe Conkling and other great men have sat.

The grumblers say that this new custom is right along the line with other rules established by the last one, or two congresses—the instructions to the doorkeepers not to take in cards during the morning hour consecrated to general business being one.

This privilege of visiting constituents and the general public of thrusting in a card and then leaving in a huff if your senator did not choose to come out smiling with any stretch of his time at your disposal to listen to the merits of your pension bill, or hear how you had always wanted to say that you had shaken hands with him has been greatly curtailed of late.

During the last session one senator accused another of having ordered the doorkeepers not to bring in cards while he was speaking, a step which is frequently taken by the veterans, and which the younger senators are constrained by senatorial courtesy to acquiesce in.

But there is a senator's side to the latest established custom of closing the doors during the morning hours before the senate has begun. Several senators find it convenient almost every day to attend to their correspondence at their desks. One who is almost always to be found in his seat writing in the morning since a change of administration turned over his committee room to a democrat is the venerable Senator Morrill, of Vermont. The discipline of the Mallory where the republican senators have their private rooms, leads several to the custom of making offices of their desks.

Under the old rule of open doors the whole populace was at liberty to touch elbows with any senator who happened to be at his desk earlier than 11:45. There were no restrictions of race or person, class or condition. Beer-soaked tramps and loving couples on their wedding trips strayed in to stare and comment. They stood around to make remarks on the few senators visible, made audible remarks about their books and pointed with umbrellas and canes, as the visitors to art galleries are warned not to do.

These things were the penalties of prominence, but they were not altogether pleasing to senators, and they were growing worse as the numbers of visitors to Washington increased. Consequently the edict has gone forth this session that the open-mouthed populace shall be limited to the galleries in its senate sightseeing. Many will go away to declare that the senate is elevating itself above the people and that democratic simplicity is a thing of the past.

But senators say in self-defense: "In the name of democratic simplicity are we to be on exhibition like the animals of a menagerie?"

A Woman's Darling Feet.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, an English

missionary, recently put on a diving

suit and went down sixty feet to the

bed of the ocean on the greatest pearl-

ground of the world, between

Australia and Singapore, where

thirteen hundred men are constantly at

work.

MRS. TOMKINS' WOOLLY DOG.

It was the woolliest dog that she had ever seen. Mrs. Tomkins declared. She never did pretend to know much about the canine genus. Which was sufficiently evident, her husband remarked in his sarcastic way, else she could not have picked up such a specimen. It was of the purest mongrel breed, but, like some poorly-bred persons, possessed an extravagant flow of animal spirits.

It was not exactly true that Mrs. Tomkins picked him up. He followed her home of his own accord and against many protests on her part. But when she said "Go away, doggy!" he responded by wagging his tail and seemed encouraged to keep on. When she reached her domicile and shut the door in his face he lay down upon the mat and waited cheerfully. There was no way to get rid of him, unless by sending for a policeman to take him away, and that would be equivalent to dooming him to death at the pound, which Mrs. Tomkins could not think of.

Night came on very cold and still, the dog lay patiently on the mat, evidently confident that he would be admitted some time. To leave him out there to freeze was impossible. Mrs. Tomkins called him in, whereupon he wagged his tail and looked extremely grateful. Mr. Tomkins made a cynical remark or two, but that was only his way, and his wife knew very well that he would have been as little disposed as herself to let the beast suffer. So he was taken into the kitchen, where a bowl of milk, a generous bowl and an improvised bed were provided for his comfort.

Only a month after she was married Mrs. Tomkins had experienced the annoyance of having a very young colored baby left in her back yard one evening. The cook discovered it by stepping on the infant, fortunately without injuring it at all, while on her way to fasten the gate. But the child had been readily disposed of by conveying it to the nearest police station, whence it was transferred to a suitable asylum. Unfortunately, no charitable organizations exist for taking care of stray dogs, and so long as the dog was in the middle of the kitchen floor, Mrs. Tomkins was difficult to get rid of. In fact, he had to stay.

With his fate in this respect he seemed most content. Perhaps his dominant quality was amiability. He had at once become inspired with a violent affection for Mrs. Tomkins, whom he insisted upon accompanying to market every morning. Though not a connoisseur in dogs, she perceived that his want of breeding was rather painfully palpable and that his company lent no credit to her. Within twenty-four hours after his arrival the family kitchen was never again changed to be playing with its tail in the middle of the kitchen floor. Rags, observing its contortions with curiosity, changed to yawn over it—he was quite a large dog—and it is not surprising that the mother cat thought that he was on the point of devouring her offspring.

She made a spring at him, and a brief and decisive conflict resulted in the hopeless rout of Rags. He fled and hid himself in the coal bin for some hours. From that time forward he was in terror of all cats. If he saw the most peaceful tabby sitting in the sun and watching her face with her paws he would make a rush for shelter. The shelter he preferred was beneath Mrs. Tomkins' skirts when she was out walking with her. This was extremely embarrassing. In fact, Mrs. Tomkins had made up her mind to get rid of the dog, and she had been waiting for an opportunity to do so, when an incident occurred which relieved her of all further anxiety on the subject, though it was rather annoying in itself. She was on an expedition for domestic fowl at the time.

She had completed her purchases and was on her way out of the market, accompanied by Rags, when she was confronted by an angry colored woman, who pointed to the dog, while exclaiming:—"So you are the person who stole my dog?"

Mrs. Tomkins would have entered a disclaimer, but her interlocutor would not listen. The latter launched into a flight of vituperative eloquence, which immediately gathered a crowd, and, after exhausting her vocabulary of epithets, she quietly walked away with Rags, whose real name it appeared was Beauty, leaving the victor on the spot to make her way homeward with as much dignity as she was able to summon to her aid.

That is the reason why Mrs. Tomkins says that she will never have another dog, particularly a woolly one—Washington Star.

The Foot Muff. A down-lined foot muff is one of the oldest articles of dress. It is quite expensive and compels the wearer to lie stiffly in one position in the bed while the feet are imprisoned in this receptacle. The old-fashioned heated soapstone, or the newer device of a hot water bag, would appear to be more convenient and agreeable. If only the feet were kept warm by the use of all to the circumstances are the universally liked bed slippers, knit exactly like a mitten without the thumb, and tying around the ankle with a ribbon. With these cold feet are an impossibility, and the chillest bed room may be braced since with warm feet one can be comfortable and have no fear of catching cold.—N. Y. World.

Branding Criminals in China. Finding that long terms of imprisonment and flogging do not check robbery, piracy and systematic practice of imposition on strangers in the nature of thievery in the Soochow district, the authorities have resolved to try branding. For the first offense the thief is to be branded on the right cheek, and for the second on the left cheek. When about the size of the Chinese sign for the word thief. As the Chinese have a superstitious horror of all facial disfigurement, the belief is entertained that the new punishment will check the criminal element.—Sacramento Record-Union.

Capt. Gerry Bassett, of Hyannis, Mass., can remember an exciting incident of the war of 1812, when an English privateer chased a cotton-loaded schooner into Hyannis harbor, where the captain ran his vessel ashore. Some of the townspeople secured cannon and fired several shots from the shore, which frightened the invaders away without the coveted prize. Capt. Bassett is eighty-four years old and the son of a revolutionary pensioner.

At Waterloo there were 145,000 men on both sides, of whom 61,000 were killed or disabled.

CHURCH BOYS IN BLUE.

In a dozen Protestant churches in Chicago there are lockers containing rifles as deadly as the effective Enfield or Remington, and regularly each week the boys attached to the several Sunday schools go through the movements and manual of the regular tactics of the United States army. It is safe to say that at least twelve hundred Sunday school boys of Chicago are embraced in these quasi-military organizations.

It is claimed that the boys are not drilled with a view of giving them a martial spirit, but simply because it has been found by experience that nothing will interest them in church work so much as to give that work a military aspect. A well-known churchman, who is greatly interested in the movement, said recently:

"The spirit of Americanism—indeed, of individual liberty—which comes to every native citizen by inheritance and is inhaled with every breath, so that even foreigners are soon infected with it, has borne unwelcome fruitage in the restlessness under restraint, the defiance of discipline and the general irreverence which children of the present age usually manifest. This is particularly so with boys. The result naturally is that whether at home or at school, at church or at college, the question of control is a perplexing one."

"A careful student of child nature discovered one form of discipline which is the most thorough conceivable and which is actually congenial to the boy nature. This is military organization, for which boys have a natural aptitude. Instead of scolding, or saying with an injured air, 'Now boys, behave yourselves,' the command 'Attention' is given with explosive effect, and the 'privates' are disciplined into rigid statues. The youngster can be kept marching, countermarching, making time, or performing other evolutions until the powers of nerve and muscle which incite the boy to lawlessness have been brought under control and made to minister to his best good. When equipped with military uniform, cap, and belt, the transformation is complete and the private is ready to be taught obedience, reverence, and manliness without being conscious of it, and almost in the form of an amusement."

The first experiment in this direction in connection with Sunday school work was made in Glasgow, Scotland, by W. A. Smith, of the Lanark rifles, in October, 1883. As a result, the work of one winter transformed the school. Discipline was perfect, manners were acquired, the physical bearing was improved, the moral character was strengthened and the foundations of religious principles were laid, and all this was accomplished by boys of an age in which the natural drift is away from, rather than toward, religious influences. This success caused the movement to spread, and ten years later there were 800 companies, with 2,025 officers and 26,093 members reported. In 1890 the first company in the United States was organized in San Francisco by Rev. John Quincy Adams, and fifty more were soon formed in the immediate vicinity. A national organization was then formed, and companies organized in Kansas City, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and other cities. Since then the growth has been very rapid. As a result, the boys have been elevated and educated, and Sunday schools and reading rooms hitherto empty have been filled.

In July, 1892, there were 95 companies in the United States, 35 per cent. were Presbyterian, 33 per cent. Congregational, 17 per cent. Methodist, and 16 per cent. Baptist. One year later 222 organizations were reported. In July, 1892, there were only two battalions in the organization, composed of from two to ten companies. One year later there were twelve or thirteen fully organized battalions. The average membership per company is 32. The first organizations in Chicago were formed by Rev. Howard Russell, at the Armour mission. Since that time two of the best drilled companies in the city have been organized, the Evanston Avenue Congregational church, which is known as the Church of the Redeemer, and a number of other companies have been formed.

The Navy Pay Corps. The course of promotion in the navy pay corps is illustrated by the cases of the officers just advanced to the rank of paymaster, and of this below them in the list of twenty past assistant paymasters. The officers just promoted have been about sixteen years in the service of which four years were passed in the lowest of the pay corps grades and the remainder in the next highest. The officer now first on the list of past assistant paymasters has been fifteen and a half years in the service, of which he passed three and a half in the lowest grade. When promotion comes, which must be soon, he will have been more than twelve years a past assistant paymaster.

An Exhausted Eagle at Sea. One of the many curious incidents which happen at sea was reported by a steamship which arrived at Tacoma recently. When about the day's sail from the American coast, an eagle, spent with flying, alighted on some ship, having probably flown from some American whaling vessel. The eagle was caught as it was resting on the ship's rail, and kept in a cage until the vessel was passing into the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The American coast guard was scratched on its bill, which had been coated with vermilion. The bird injured its wings in the cage and was released. On seeing land it attempted to fly, but could not, and was swept into the sea and was drowned.

How His Worked It. Bass—That was a cute idea of Sellem's. Cass—What was that? "He had a big lot of sofa cushions or hand, and they didn't tell worth a cent. He tried all sorts of ways to work them off. Finally, he told his wife in strictest confidence, and made her swear never to tell a soul, that he had a few cushions that were better and cheaper than any ever before sold in the city. He said he wanted to keep the thing secret to avoid a rush."

"Well!" "His store was packed with women for two weeks and he sold his cushions and twice as many more."—Boston Transcript.

Trouble in the Menagerie. Kangaroo—It's your ivory hunters are always after. Why don't you carry it in your trunk?

Elephant—It's your skin they want. Why don't you hide it in your pocket?—Chicago Tribune.

BIGGEST FISH IN THE SEA.

There was great commotion in the zoological department of the Stanford university, San Francisco, the other afternoon, when President Jordan received a telegram from an Italian fisherman at Monterey saying that he had caught a monster of a basking shark, and inquiring if they wanted it. Did they want it? Well, President Jordan rushed from his office across the quadrangle to the zoological laboratory, where Prof. Gilbert and some other fish sharks were busy with pickled fish, and with dignified excitement finished the telegram. He jerked out his watch and said there were thirty minutes before the Monterey train would get to Palo Alto, over a mile away, and Prof. Gilbert grabbed his hat. He called an expert assistant who could handle a shark, and the two scientists made that train. The fisherman soon got his answer. President Jordan would have missed two dinners to go along, but he couldn't. All this haste and interest, says the San Francisco Examiner, show how much value a basking shark is to a scientist. He is not of much value to anybody else. His value arises, like that of many other things, mainly from his rarity for basking sharks are not seen every day, and ichthyologists find few opportunities to study them. The basking shark is an object of popular as well as scientific interest. It is the largest fish that swims the sea. It isn't as big as a bowhead whale, but the whale is not a fish, but a mammal. The specimen captured somehow by the Italian fisherman, who has a standing order from the Stanford university for anything, new or queer in his line, is thirty-five feet long and measures nearly fifteen feet perpendicularly through the back. These proportions make it as large as many a whale, and it is a homely and lubberly thing to look at. It is called selachia maxima in the books.

The size of the specimen at Monterey shows it to be one of the largest of its kind, though they sometimes grow several feet longer. A reported sea serpent, fifty feet long, stranded at Stronsa in 1805, is supposed to have been a basking shark. This greatest of fishes is also the least ferocious of sharks. It sticks pretty well to the bottom of the ocean, is sluggish in movement, and feeds on crustacea, sea urchins, etc. Instead of other fishes, it belongs to the northern sea, but in summer descends to middle latitudes.

"I do not know what Prof. Gilbert will try to do with the specimen," said President Jordan, "but it is worth going after even to photograph if nothing else. They are rarely caught and have been able to see but one on this coast. That was in 1880 at Monterey. We chopped out a piece of one of its gills and it was all one man wanted to carry. Pictures of the basking shark are not reliable representations, for there have been few chances to draw them. There are probably but a few hundred in the sea. The British Museum has a standing offer of one thousand dollars for the skin of one, but a man would earn his money getting it, for it would take two months to skin the fish and care properly for the hide. Prof. Gilbert may try to take the skin and he may only take the skin at night, as it is a valuable opportunity for study."

BOYCOTTING A JAIL.

An unusual strike occurred here lately, says a Mount Holly correspondent of the New York Herald. It was not among the members of "The Labor organization"—as is often the case—but was confined to the tramps who are locked up in the county jail, and who boldly threatened to boycott the institution unless the sheriff supplied them with better food.

The spokesman, a thick-set tramp, was heard to say: "The 'Tank,' out of compliment to his abdominal development, was plain and outspoken in his demands to one of the keepers."

"See here," he said, "what's on the card for dinner to-day?"

"Beans soup and bread," was the reply.

"It won't do," was the reply. "This bean business is gettin' played out. What we want is more meat and vegetables, and we're going to have 'em or know the reason why. We can't keep up our strength on no such grub as we've been havin'—see!"

"You fellows are gettin' too gay," said the keeper with a sneer. "Next thing you'll be wantin' ox-tail soup and sweetbreads. We've given you good grub—good enough for anybody—and you'll either eat it or live on your skins."

"Hold on there!" interrupted another tramp with a red nose and a bad list to port, "we've got something to say about that. We've got the lay of the land pretty well in this county, and we know the sheriff's office wouldn't be with a half interest in a yaller dog if it wasn't for the profit out of feeding us tramps. Everybody knows that. Now I'll come down to business. If you don't feed us up high we'll boycott the jail, and every man on the road'll fight as shy of the place as if it was full of smallpox. Now I've had my say, and if the goose don't hang high after this you'll hear from us."

This threat took all the fierceness out of the keeper, who promised to see what he could do in the line of a more attractive menu.

His Feelings Outraged. Tommie—Does your pa always say it pains him when he licks you? "Yes, he says it does, but when I lodge, and the strap takes him in the leg I know it does."—Truth.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—fat. The greatest fact in connection with

appears at this point—it is partly digested fat—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, N. Y. All Druggists.

THE FARMER'S BUSY WIFE

the preparation.

like roses, have thorns that hurt and promote discomfort, and men and where you are un-
the virtue of homemaking is marred in various ways. man knows in his inner con-
to just what extent her garden. If she carries it on, as Atlas did the world,
batling with one of the trees which fate stations at ostensibly to thwart her
tome should be a haven of rest to which we may all re-
the conflict and strife of the world. It should be
are everything is free and it should be individualized
to should be "unity in di-

...izing and alternative er-
...ure blood.

keeping now. My seatmate's name is

ow, wouldn't you?"

SHOULD HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE!
For **INTERNAL** as much as **EXTERNAL** Use

10112

The Proprietors of the

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1894.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. Aves is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Lincoln county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county.

The recent cold wave killed peach buds
in southern Illinois. New Jersey isn't
going to have that monopoly any more.

"Nemo's communication has some
timely suggestions, and we know our
readers would be pleased to receive more
from the same source.

Has a plumber any rights?—Exchange.
If there are any rights that he does
not now have, a long suffering public
will hasten to give them to him.

It is stated that the accumulation of
idle capital in the large centres is be-
coming so large that it will soon be
necessary to start up business even on a
small paying margin.

The prompt action of Admiral Ben-
ham, in the Rio emergency, in nobly
defending American and American in-
terests there, was the work of a patriot,
and was a proper insistence of a proper
respect for this great nation that is only
desirous of peace.

On Monday, the people of Calais and
St. Stephen celebrated the making of
the toll bridge free. The schools were
closed, banns suspended, cannons
boomed, bells rang and whistles tooted,
and the people generally gave them-
selves up to rejoicing that the relic of
the dark ages had passed away.

Our readers' attention is called to the
advertisement of O. R. Jones of Wales,
in another column, where Jersey stock
is so well known. He has for sale one
of the richest bred bulls in the country—
a son of Fanny's Harry 7th, whose dam
and sire's dam has an average test of 24
lbs. 10½ oz., butter in 7 days.

The high school lyceum of Winthrop
the other evening discussed the ques-
tion, "Resolved, That the stock of the
Aroostook Condensed Milk Company is
a poor investment," and decided it in
the affirmative. There was entire
unanimity of opinion on the question,
and all will concur in the decision
reached.

After a suspension of several weeks,
on account of the illness of Bro. Tenney,
the Brunswick Telegraph has appeared,
the paper this time being so diminutive
in form as to be called "Brunswick
Telegraph, Jr." For nearly thirty-three
years Mr. A. G. Tenney has been its sole
editor and proprietor, and as he grows
stronger in his recovery from recent sick-
ness, may the paper resume its accom-
modated size and continue to flourish.
We have missed it very much during
its suspension.

The insurance commissioner reports
fire risks written in this State last year
to the amount of \$107,653,063.97; pre-
miums thereon, \$1,586,927; fire losses
paid, \$551,495.42; fire losses incurred,
\$945,524.50; marine risks written, \$185,
116,719; premiums received, \$252,902;
losses paid, \$193,398.31. There was an
increase in the fire risks of \$8,745,466
over 1892 and a decrease in the fire losses
of \$102,258.89. The increase in
marine risks was \$8,325,665 and \$23,
020.94 in marine losses paid.

Thousands of copies of the city papers
are bought by hasty readers who glance
rapidly over the headlines, select for
reading a few of the most important
items of news, and then are through
with them. But the country weekly
stays in the home at least until the next
week's issue displaces it, and is read and
reread, from the bit of verse and miscel-
laneous to the last crumb of local news.
What we may call the all-aroundness of
the country press is one of its most
striking features.

The State Pension Department issued
1303 certificates to pensioners last year,
requiring an expenditure of \$63,000.
The appropriation was \$65,500, which
leaves \$1700 to lapse into the Treasury.
Since the opening of the new year Pen-
sion Agent Milliken has received 160
applications for pensions, of which 41
were new ones, an unusually large per-
centage. The State is obliged to bear
the cost. The oldest pensioner on the
State rolls is Maria Wilson of West
Gardiner, 92 years of age.

Massachusetts is still struggling with
the gypsy moth. It is estimated that
8,000 estates are now infested with this
crawler, although \$275,000 has been al-
ready expended by the State to destroy
it. And a legislative committee now
makes the cold-blooded report that it
will cost over a million dollars to com-
plete the extermination of the moth. If
this pest has become so thoroughly
lodged in that State as to call for such
heroic efforts to destroy it, is not our
own State in danger of a visitation?

A singular incident in connection with
this event occurs to us, and though
somewhat of a personal nature, we may
be allowed to mention. Some five years
since, during the annual session of the
Board of Agriculture, there sat at our
dinner table Hon. James M. Carpenter
of Pittsford and Mr. William H. Pearson
of Vassalboro. Some two years since
Mr. Carpenter and his wife died within
twenty-four hours of each other, and
they had a double funeral; and now the
same thing has occurred in the case of
Mr. and Mrs. Pearson. It certainly
seems remarkable.

The Lenten season is upon us. The
money saved by the ladies in self-denial
will probably be used in the purchase of
Easter bonnets!

BREAKING WINTER'S FETTERS.

That does not seem possible with the
thermometer twenty degrees or more be-
low zero. As it was Tuesday morning,
and with the snow covering the earth to
the depth of some four feet, with but a
day or two of melting season the whole
long winter through. But it is sure to
come. Winter's icy fetters are to be
broken, and the glad earth is soon to
sing again the sweet song of returning
springtime. The days have already
gained in length one hour and twenty
minutes, and there remain but twenty
more days in the calendar of winter.

This has been anything but a mild
winter; it has been tough, steady cold
weather, all the way through, a good
winter for business, if there were any
business to do. We may expect yet
some touches of genuine winter weather;
indeed, down in the pages of the almanac
are items of intelligence like this, "Ex-
pect a snow storm about this time." Yet
the sun is constantly, day by day,
mounting farther up in the heavens; the
warm sunshine of many a day rests on
all these New England slopes and vales,
and the sky gives evidences of wider
light, and brings distant hill horizons
near, as in the pleasant days that come
in March. We couldn't help noticing in
the early evening of Tuesday, how the
faraway rays of the sun were as a smile
resting upon a white world; there was
a wider, stronger light than we had seen
before this winter.

There is something in the broader
light, and in the warmer sunshine that
floods the occasional pleasant days, that
hints of a turn in the sky and air towards
the brighter time that comes with the
birds and flowers of spring.

It's a long way back to the sunny time,
And the blossoms of the honey-
time.

The white sprays of the Maying-time,
And the hearts and hands of the playing-
time.

A long, long way, thro' frost and rime,
Back to the meadow-mint and thyme!

It's a long way back to the smiling summer,
And the muffled roll of the partridge drum-
mer.

The pimpernel and the budded rose,
The promise-time of the iris-blossom—
A long, long way to the cheery chime,
And the loving lips of the balmy-time!

It's a long way back to the mowing-time—
We're now in the winds of the snowing-time;
White and cold are the silks of the doors,
And frosty are the hills and the moors;

The earth is bound in a steely chain,
And back to the birds is a long, long lane!

We back thro' the sleet and the drifted
snow,
We go to the summer sunset glow—
We take the woes of the fearful time—
To the carols of the cheerful time—
Back to the gleam of the golden-time,
And the happy hopes of the old-time!

HAND IN HAND.

Mr. Wm. H. Pearson of Vassalboro,
after a most prolonged and severe at-
tack of the grip, died on Friday morn-
ing last. His wife, Hannah P., who had
been an invalid for years, died the next
day. So that this aged couple, after
sharing each other's joys and sorrows
for fifty-three years, pass hand in hand
down into the dark waters of death. In
life they were not separated, and in
death they were not divided. Their
double funeral was held at the home-
stead on Monday afternoon. It was an
event of rare occurrence. The remains
were interred at their former home in
Waterville.

William H. Pearson was born in New
Hampshire in 1813, and consequently at
the time of his death was eighty-one
years of age. He was a son of
Captain William Pearson, who removed
from New Hampshire to Waterville in
1816. The Captain's father was Maj.
Edmund Pearson of Exeter, N. H.
After a business career at Waterville,
William H. removed to Vassalboro in
1861, where he has since resided. Here
he has devoted the most of his time and
attention to the pursuits of agriculture,
which were quite congenial to his na-
ture, and of which he was at times pas-
sionately fond. He studied the life of
plants and flowers, the elements enter-
ing into the constitution of the soil, and
by a close and practical application of
the knowledge gained, fitted himself for
a position on the State Board of Agri-
culture, which place he filled with
credit to himself and the county he rep-
resented. His writings on agriculture
for the columns of the *Maine Farmer*
showed a mind familiar with the topics
discussed. Doubtless our readers recall
many of his communications. They
were luminous in original thought, and
expressed in language clear and chaste.

His communications needed no revision,
not the change of a sentence, word,
syllable, or a punctuation point. We
shall miss his friendly, fruitful words of
counsel and advice.

Mr. Pearson was active in politics, and
up to his dying hour deeply interested
in political movements. Though not an
intense partisan, he was always willing
that people should know where he stood
on great questions, and was never ac-
cused of "straddling the fence." While
a man of great force of character, he
had a tender, sympathetic heart, was
the soul of many home and steadfast-
ness, and in his death the people of this
section have suffered the loss of a noble
character.

His wife, Mrs. Pearson, whose earthly
life was prolonged only a few hours after
the departure of her husband, was the
daughter of Edmund Pearson, Jr. The
children of the deceased couple are
Ella S., Henrietta M., Mary E., (Mrs.
Geo. L. Bailey), Wm. C., and James H.
Pearson.

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this event occurs to us, and though
somewhat of a personal nature, we may
be allowed to mention. Some five years
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Mr. and Mrs. Pearson. It certainly
seems remarkable.

The Lenten season is upon us. The
money saved by the ladies in self-denial
will probably be used in the purchase of
Easter bonnets!

Fred Hall.

Mr. Alfred J. Hall, merchant tailor,
died at his home on Sewall street, Tues-
day morning, of typhoid fever. He had
been in poor health for several weeks
before finally giving up, but was con-
fined to his bed only ten days before
death came. Mr. Hall was born in
Nobleboro. His father, Jesse Hall,
his mother, three brothers and one
sister, are living. He came to Augusta
about the year 1880, and learned the
tailor's trade of Mr. P. C. Dolliver. He
was afterwards employed in the es-
tablishment of Mr. Chas. H. Nason, and
ten years ago started in business for him-
self, which he has since continued.
Nine years ago he married Miss Eva
Wood of Winthrop, and she survives him,
together with a sweet little baby boy,
a little over a year old. Through industry
and his own individual energies, with
the help of wealthy relatives or in-
fluential friends, Mr. Hall established a
fine business and founded a pleasant
home, around which centered and
twined his heart's tenderest affections.
He belonged to the business class of
the young men that are the hope of the
community—honest, industrious, free
from every bad habit, interested in mat-
ters of town and State and Nation,
enamored of his home, and exemplary
in his walk and conversation. Dead,
just as he had begun to live, thus early
bidding adieu to loving wife and tender
babe, the early frosts blighting the
opening flowers of spring, this death is
one of almost unalloyed sadness; and
were it not for the gleam of hope from
the Throne of the Eternal, the disap-
pointments of earth would envelop us
in darkness and despair.

Butter Factory in Augusta.

The young farmers in this city who
are looking over the ground in regard to
the establishment of a butter factory
here, are moving cautiously, and we be-
lieve with proper and commendable
care. The first question to answer is
the important one, "Is there a base of
supplies?" The canvas made shows that
pledges could be obtained of only
35 to 50 cows; whereas, to make the en-
terprise a success there must be the
pledge of some 300 or 500 cows within a
reasonable circuit, so that too much time
shall not be consumed in gathering the
cream. Those who have looked into the
matter are surprised at the small num-
ber of cows kept by the farmers in this
vicinity, available to a factory, and these
are all grades, Jersey, Holstein and Dur-
ham.

In order to properly sustain a butter
factory here, there must be a large in-
flux of Jersey stock, that being the best
possible breed for rich milk. This can-
not be done suddenly; the purchases
cannot be made at once; and the only
thing for our farmers to do is to begin
at the bottom, keeping and raising their
calves of this breed; and thus gradually
working up to the possibility of a fac-
tory.

If this policy should be pursued, in the
course of a couple of years a butter fac-
tory will be started in this city by the
young men whose interests are now en-
listed in the proposed enterprise. It
will be a profitable enterprise for all
engaged in it, and we hope the farmers
will begin at once to lay the foundation
in the manner we have indicated.

Missionary Effort—A Glowing Tribute.

In the course of his speech on Hawaiian
affairs, in the National House, Congress-
man Morse of Massachusetts said:
But for the fact that Massachusetts
has an especial and peculiar interest in
the Hawaiian Islands, I would remain
silent. Missionary efforts resulted in
reclaiming these islands from barbarism,
cannibalism and heathenism of the most
revolting and degraded form. These
missionary efforts were born amid
prayers and tears of goodly men and
women of the old Commonwealth. I have
in part the honor to represent. They
left home and native land, and society
and friends, and endured privation,
hardship and danger, to tell these
dusky sons and daughters of the Pacific
of One who left His home in glory to
tell them of "One who was rich, and
who for our sakes became poor that
through His poverty might be made
rich." Most of these pioneer mission-
aries have long since fallen asleep, yet
they have long since gone to "see the King
in His beauty," whose they were and who
they served. They have joined the
"blood-washed throng," and asked them
whence their victory came, and with
united breath they ascribed their con-
quests to the Lamb, their victory to His
death. But, Mr. Speaker, their works
do follow them; being dead, they yet
speak.

Kennebec County Matters.

Hon. James E. Blanchard, County
Treasurer, has prepared his annual re-
port for 1893, for the printers, and from
it we take a few of the leading figures:

Fines and costs paid into the treas- ury	\$15,482.26
Costs of Superior Court	3,281.07
County officers	6,777.58
County jail expenses	800.00
County support of prisoners and other jail expenses	9,428.83
County support of house account	3,052.96
County support of temporary loans	18,000.00
County support of temporary loans	1,309.72
County support of 1893	1,000.00
County support of 1894	15,032.77
Cash in treasury Jan. 1, 1894	5,045.41
County support of prisoners	4,537.50
County support of sale of in- solvent liquors, druggists, etc.	4,009.43
Among the liabilities of the county are the court house extension bonds, \$15,000; funding bonds of 1893, \$15,000; making the total bonded indebtedness of the county \$30,000.	

Millions in It.

It is rumored that Pauline Whitney,
the daughter of ex-Secretary W. C.
Whitney, is soon to be married to George
Vanderbilt, youngest son of William H.
Vanderbilt. It is said that last spring,
while Miss Whitney was a guest at Mr.
Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate, near
Asheville, she fell and sprained her
ankle. Young Mr. Vanderbilt was near,
and the mansion was far away on another
corner of the 9000-acre estate. He was
her rescuer, her supporter, her guide
and her sympathetic friend.

The result, according to dame rumor,
was love and an engagement. It is said
that the marriage will occur just after
Easter. A marriage between Miss Whit-
ney and young Mr. Vanderbilt would
ally the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the
Paynes and the Rockefeller millions.

Gov. Leveillé of Kansas is charged
with receiving bribes from police shop
men for "official protection."

G. A. R. of Maine.

The annual encampment of the G. A.
R., opened Tuesday morning in City
Hall, Bangor, with an attendance of
about 300 delegates. Department Com-
mander Wainwright Cushing of Fox-
croft, called the meeting to order. After
prayer by the chaplain, Rev. C. A. South-
ard of Thomaston, the address of the
commander was given.

The annual report of Assistant Ad-
jutant General H. C. Vaughn showed 167
posts in good standing; total members-
hip in good standing Dec. 31, 1893, 927;
loss by death, 200, the largest ever report-
ed in one year; amount expended in
charities, \$3408.04; number in good
standing is 381 less than last year.

The report of Assistant Quartermaster
General A. M. Warren shows the total
assets to be \$1464.03, and the balance on
hand of \$577.59. The report of Medical
Director W. H. True was read.

Commander-in-Chief J. J. B. Adams
arrived in the morning, and a reception
was tendered him in the evening at the
Opera House. The theatre was packed
by an enthusiastic crowd. Wainwright
Cushing, Department Commander of
Maine, presided.

We presented Col. A. C. Hamlin of
Bangor as a personal friend of Capt.
Adams, and the latter in a happy speech
introduced Commander-in-Chief Adams,
who received a great ovation.

His speech was full of patriotism and
eloquence. He told of the hardships and
bravery of the soldiers and instances his
own company in a Massachusetts regi-
ment, which enlisted for three years and
went back for three more, but on call to
re-enlist only 13 of the original 104 could
be mustered.

He referred feelingly to pension
and other matters. He was followed
by Adjutant General Meech, ex-Governor
Selden Connor, Adjutant General
of Maine, R. S. Gately of Portland, Chap-
lain G. A. Southard, Col. W. T. Eustis,
Dixfield.

After the speeches the audience went
upon the stage and Commander-in-Chief
Adams held a reception, receiving hearty
greetings.

Agricultural Societies' Stipends.

Secretary McKen of the State Board
of Agriculture, has made the following
apportionment of the State stipend for
agricultural societies, the whole amount
divided being \$7700: State Pomological,
\$538; Androscoggin, \$285; Aroostook
county, \$141; North Aroostook, \$177;
Cumberland, \$390; North Cumberland,
\$117; Cumberland Farmers' Club, \$146;
Gray Park, \$195; Bridgton, \$21; Franklin
county, \$203; North Franklin, \$89; Han-
cock county, \$133; Hancock Fair Associa-
tion, \$200; Kennebec county, \$198;
Pittston, \$112; South Kennebec, \$89;
North Knox, \$73; Lincoln county, \$47;
Oxford county, \$360; Riverside Park,
\$102; West Oxford, \$198; Androscoggin
Valley, \$218; North Oxford, \$96; West
Penobscot, \$102; North Penobscot, \$118;
Penobscot and Aroostook, \$100; East
Piscataquis, \$54; Central Piscataquis,
\$86; West Piscataquis, \$12; Sagadahoc
county, \$393; East Somerset, \$157;
Waldo county, \$110; North Waldo, \$113;
West Waldo, \$96; Waldo and Penobscot,
\$250; Washington county, \$127; West
Washington, \$343; Central Washington,
\$67; North Washington, \$137; York
county, \$307; Buxton and Hollis, \$138;
Ossipee Valley, \$205; Ramshackle Park,
\$112; Sheepshill and Acton, \$196; San-
ford, \$170.

State of the Treasury.

Gen. Geo. L. Beal, State Treasurer,
has submitted his annual report of the
condition of the State treasury for the
fiscal year of 1893, and the committee to
examine his accounts has reported them
as correct.

The amount of cash on hand at the
commencement of the year was \$304,
509.68; received from various sources,
\$1,865,028.07; total, \$2,169,538.75,
leaving cash on hand Dec. 31, 1893,
\$335,716.04.

The interest bearing liabilities of the
State are: Bonded debt, \$2,453,000;
temporary loan, \$100,000; trust funds,
\$742,290.41. This shows a reduction of
the bonded debt of \$53,000, and of the
temporary loan of \$200,000.

Gen. Beal says the remaining \$100,000
of the temporary loan, which falls due
this year, will be met at maturity.

The rate of taxation for 1893 was 2 1/2
mills on \$1, yielding a total revenue of
\$865,803.29. The rate for 1894 is 2 1/2
mills, giving a tax of \$787,247.98.

The State tax for 1893 against cities
and towns has been paid in full by them,
with the exception of the towns of Her-
sey, which owes \$175.82; Island Falls,
\$259.19; Manchester, \$721.42.

A Splendid Institution.

At the meeting of the school board
Monday it was voted to continue the
Portland school for the deaf, but to in-
troduce broader and more flexible
methods. Heretofore the school has
been conducted as a purely oral system.
In order to better reach many of the
pupils who have failed to make any per-
ceptible progress in education under
that system, it has been determined to
place the school under a combined sys-
tem, in which speech will be taught the
same as before, but signs and manual
alphabet will also be used. For a prin-
cipal to succeed Miss Barton, deceased,
the committee has unanimously elected
Miss Caroline C. Sweet, who has been
teacher in the American Asylum for the
Deaf at Hartford for 25 years. Miss
Sweet has not yet signified her accept-
ance, but it is expected she will accept.

Hon. Frank A. Wilson, recently elected
acting President of the Maine Central
Railroad Company, has declined the ap-
pointment as commissioner to revise
the laws relative to private and special
legislation, on account of business en-
gagements. Hon. Fred H. Appleton of
Bangor, son of the late Chief Justice
Appleton of the Supreme Court of
Maine, has been appointed by Governor
Cleaves to fill the vacancy.

Just as bangs have gone out of fashion,
a physician announces that they are very
injurious, as certain muscles about the
brows, which have much to do with the
sight, are weakened by wearing the
hair over the forehead.

The many readers of the Farmer will.

we know, join with us in extending
heartfelt sympathy to the agricultural
editor and his family, in the death of
their only daughter and sister. The loss
of a beloved child is always a terrible
blow to loving parents, and when by
nature, disposition and inclination that
child becomes a companion in the dearest
sense of family relationship, the sepa-
ration cannot be described by words.

It has been our privilege to meet and
mingle in that home, to know something
of the sweetness of that daughter's life,
to see something of the tender relation-
ship existing between her and her mates,
in public and private, and to note how
the mother's life was wrapped in the
daughter's, and how they took sweet
counsel together." For more than a
year the family has anxiously watched
over and cared for her, conscious of the
end, yet doing all that love could prompt
to avert the blow. Only in the memory
of that young life so sweet, and the hope
of a glad reunion on the other side, can
human hearts bow in submission and
say, "Thy will be done." On Friday,
when herasket loaded with sweet
flowers, like her life, just bursting into
full bloom, they laid her at rest, turning
back to the duties of life with an aching
void which can be filled only "when the
mists have cleared away."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the Brooklyn
preacher, has completed arrangements
for a tour of the world during the com-
ing spring and summer. According to
the present programme, Dr. Talmage
will go over land to San Francisco and
will sail from that port the last week in
May, taking the steamer to the Hawaiian
Islands. He will also visit New Zealand,
Australia, China and India. The jour-
ney homeward will be made from Cey-
lon, through Europe and across the At-
lantic. Dr. Talmage will be accompanied
by his wife and two daughters, and will
be absent about five months. It is his
intention to preach and lecture in every
place he visits while he is away.

In 1860 a farmer, John A. Gratwold,
living near Middletown, Ohio, gave em-
ployment to a stranger, who said he was
a political exile from Germany, and gave
him the name of Frey. He worked for
Gratwold for several months, and at the
breaking out of the civil war went into
the Union army. Mr. Gratwold had not
heard from him since the war until a
few days ago, when he received a letter
from Mr. Frey, President-elect of
Switzerland, recalling the incidents of
his life on the farm in America and of
the war, and telling of his success in
Switzerland.

The Eskimo method of slaughtering
an animal is a most ingenious method,
planting a stake in the ice with a blade
of flint fastened to the upper end.
About the flint blade the upper end of
blubber, which freezes hard. Presently
along come some wolves and lick at the
blubber until the edges of the flint cut
their tongues. Tasting their own blood,
they become frantic and attack each
other, the fight continuing until the
whole pack lies dead. Next day the
artful hunter comes along and skins them.
That is one reason why wolfskins
rugs are so cheap to-day.

The Sons and Daughters of Maine met
at their 13th annual banquet, Monday
night, in the Palmer House, Chicago.
Covers were laid for 180 guests at 18
tables. The decorations were simple,
tulips being the only flowers, with roses
at each plate. The menu consisted of
six courses. President, Wm. H. Chad-
wick acted as toastmaster. Responses
were as follows: "The State of Maine,"
Rev. Arthur W. Little; "Maine in the
War," Gen. Chas. H. Howard; "Maine's
Jewels," Prof. Nathaniel Butler; "Maine
in the West," Gen. Charles P. Mattocks.

Miss Adah Olsen died at her home
near Carlow, in Webster county, Ky.,
last week, from a continuous sleep of
five years. At the age of 18 she, from
some unknown cause, entered a state of
trance or stupor from which it was ever
afterwards impossible to awaken her,
life being sustained by liquid food,
which was forced down her throat. So
quiet and peaceful was her death that it
was unnoticed by those near her.

At a Farmers' Institute in Durham,
N. H., Monday, Prof. L. H. Bailey of
Cornell University made an address on
"Small Farming with Fruits," and in the
course of his remarks said that New
England soil was not exhausted, and
better fruit could be raised here than in
the West. "Don't let New York and
the West supply Boston with plums and
pears; grow them here."

Of the late Mrs. Eunice Emerson of
Hermion, who died the other day, in her
80th year, it is related that up to her
last moments she could give the name
and age of every one of her twelve
children, seventy-five grandchildren and
forty-eight great-grandchildren, from
memory, without hesitation or mistake.

Frank W. Smith, an evangelist of Ohio,
was a Union soldier during the war, and
was confined in Andersonville prison.
In the course of his imprisonment he
was exchanged three times, and each time
gave his exchange to a man with a
family.

The old Lincoln homestead in Larue
county, Ky., has been purchased by a
syndicate of Kentuckians, who expected
to beautify the place into a park and
then donate it to the government as a
national park.

H. A. Hackett, accused of abstracting
\$21,000 in bonds from the Portland
safety deposit vaults, belonging to the
estate of the late Israel B. Bray of Free-
man, has been arrested at Winnipeg,
Manitoba.

It is figured out that stamp collectors
have put

Items of Maine News.

There are sixty-one boys at the Good Will Farm, Fairfield, at present.

Mr. Washington Grose, a well-to-do farmer of Jay, died Sunday night of pneumonia.

Judge Gould at Portland has decided that Boston bought and western shot quail cannot be legally sold in Maine.

Joshua A. Bucknam, one of the leading citizens of Mechanic Falls, is dead. His age was 72 years.

The talk of enlarging the court house at Houlton, to give more room for the Clerk of Courts and Register of Deeds.

George W. P. Jerrard of Caribou, the seedman, who has been very sick with the grip, has recovered.

Window Bowker, one of Machias' well known citizens, died Friday morning, after a short illness of pneumonia.

News has been received of the death of Dr. Fred Quinby at Oklahoma. He was a native of Biddeford, and was at one time city physician. His age was 41.

There are now 129 persons living in the town of Searsport, 70 years of age and upward, of whom 65 are males and 64 females. Thirty-one of the number are 80 years of age or older.

Mrs. Annie Hobson of Biddeford, who passed her 97th birthday Sunday, died Monday. Death resulted from a fall she had a few days ago. She was the widow of William Hobson, and is survived by four sons.

Mr. Thomas H. Cole, a member of one of Biddeford's oldest families, died Friday, aged 79 years. She leaves a legacy to the Second Congregational church of which she had been a member for fifty years.

The store of George A. Maher, South Berwick, was broken into Wednesday night, and a small quantity of tobacco and cigars taken. An unsuccessful attempt was made to break into the cigar factory of Barrett & Sawyer.

Lewis B. Taylor of North Berwick, charged with entering a house in the night time and stealing a watch, was acquitted in the Supreme Court at Biddeford, Wednesday. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty without leaving their seats.

The Town Wagon Company shut down its mill, Saturday, on account of lack of orders. This is the first time the mill has been obliged to close for want of orders since starting five years ago. When the mill resumes operations it will be at reduced wages.

Patents have been granted the following citizens of Maine: Joseph M. Strout, Portland, dental clamp; Henry C. Track, Vienna, car couplings; Lorenz Hawkins, Deering, sole tilting machine; Joseph A. Grant, Dyer Brook, chair.

In Portland, Thursday, Augustus M. Prada was convicted of the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Meyers, the jury finding him guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge denied the petition for a new trial. The case will now go to the law term in July. The evidence against him was altogether circumstantial.

Geo. A. Marshall, one of the best known young men of York, left the store of his father, Saturday, and has not since been seen. He intended to go to Portsmouth, N. H. He was a fine young man of good habits. The missing young man had only a small sum of money with him, and his relatives do not entertain a very strong belief that he has been foully dealt with.

A party of capitalists in Portland, have a representative in Portsmouth, N. H., who is endeavoring to purchase the character of the old company, and has been in a meeting was held in Portland, Wednesday evening, and a proposition made which is under consideration. It is part of the scheme, so it is reported, to secure the route for an electric road between Boston and Portland.

J. G. Gregg has been appointed postmaster at Amherst, vice S. S. Goodin. Otis Howe has been appointed postmaster at Rumford, vice Asa F. Stearns removed. E. G. Brewer has been appointed postmaster at Hull's Cove, vice Harry McFarland, and Rufus L. Mudgett at Stockton Springs, vice Barnabas M. Roberts. A post office has been established at Pejepscot, and George E. Bates appointed postmaster.

Bath people, since the fire, have opened their safes and bank vaults, and found their contents all right. The Sagadahoc House built by the late John O. Shaw, Douglas, Hallett and the Percys. The Percys will have a regular Boston department store, both their better than before, with fifty-two feet on Front street. Thompson Bros. will have one of the finest clothing stores in the State.

Wilbur Atkins, a demented Saco man of about 50, who has lived the life of a hermit since his return from the insane asylum six months ago, has disappeared, and no trace of him can be discovered. He went to the bank, where he has a little property, Friday noon, and, drawing some money and taking about \$1000 when last seen he was on the river.

Elm Street with a satchel strapped on his shoulder. He bought no tickets at either of the stations, and his disappearance is quite unaccountable. His house was broken into Saturday, and a piece of dry bread crust was the only food found. There was no evidence that there had been a fire for some time, is now announced that Atkins has been found in Eliot.

Charles Brown's son of Ellsworth was slightly injured last week while coasting by unconsciously running into his father's sleigh.

The ten-year-old daughter of George Scott of Ellsworth had the misfortune to slip on the ice one day last week, and break her arm.

Mrs. Young of Belmont fell on the sidewalk on Maine street, Belfast, Monday, breaking both bones of the right leg.

Mrs. Syrena Harlow of Smithfield fell from her chair stairs last week. She had a slight knee injury in her hand when her foot slipped. She threw the lamp to the bottom of the cellar. Fortunately it went out without doing any harm.

Mrs. Harlow escaped with some bruises.

As Alphonso Hilton of East Denmark was crossing Moose pond a few days ago with a span of horses, the ice broke, letting them both in. After considerable trouble they were rescued but one of them fell on the ice and broke its leg and had to be killed on the spot.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

The Wilson bill, with the internal revenue and income tax features, passed the House Thursday by a vote of 204 to 140. It now goes to the Senate, where it will be fully debated.

Seventeen democrats voted against the bill on its final passage.

The Senate is discussing the federal elections bill, and the House is discussing the Hawaiian resolutions.

A STARTLING STORY.

One of Civil and One of War Life.

A Brave Man Wins a Medal and a Woman Finds a Prize.

They Will Both Interest You and Tell You Just What You Want to Know.

A most fascinating story comes to us from Montpelier, Vt., concerning Mr. Wallace W. Noyes and his wife, prominent people of that city. Mr. Noyes fought all through the war with distinguished bravery. He was in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Winchester, Cedar Creek and others.

He was wounded April 24, 1865, at Petersburg. He is one of the few private soldiers who have ever received a medal of honor from the U. S. Government for distinguished bravery. He stood on the wall of the fort at Spottsylvania in the bloody angle, and was the only man that lived in that spot. Mr. Noyes was wounded seven days before the final surrender, and up to that time never lost a day during the whole war, eluding when 17 years of age.

His wife had an equally interesting experience. We give it to our readers in her own words expressed in the following letter:

"I was completely run down," she said, "and my nerves were in a very weak condition. I had no refreshing sleep and felt tired and dragged out all the time. I was so extremely nervous that when the door bell rang I would scream out, and if any of the children dropped anything it would affect me the same way."

"My work was very hard and exhausting at that time. My appetite and digestion were very poor, and what I did eat did not do me much good. I was one day going to my family physician for help, not being able to work any longer in that condition."

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The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says: "The Bismarck enthusiasm has risen to an indescribable height. Many to have formed committees to erect Bismarck monuments."

Mr. W. O. Fuller, Jr., the humorous lecturer, is spending this week on a lecture tour in Aroostook county.

DEATH OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Mr. George W. Childs, publisher of the Philadelphia Ledger, died on Saturday, after an illness of several weeks. His departure is not only a loss to the Quaker City, but to the world at large. Nearly half a century ago he went to Philadelphia, at the age of 14. His first place was with a book dealer, and there he remained till he had mastered that branch of trade, and became a publisher himself.

In 1844 he purchased the Philadelphia Ledger, then a penny sheet known beyond the city limits, and by his constant effort and clear-sighted management, made it what it is to-day, one of the standard newspapers of the country. He was well known as a business editor and proprietor of the Ledger, but the success of that investment soon made him a millionaire, and he died leaving a property estimated at over \$100,000.

His life has been marked by constant acts of philanthropy of the broadest kind. It is said he never forgot a friend, and was always on the alert to seize an opportunity to aid one. His noticeable penchant was a pleasure in associating with famous people. At his country house in Philadelphia, or at his country seat, "Wootton," he was almost constantly entertaining in a lavish way some of the most distinguished men of Europe or America. It would be difficult to name a man of recent national or international prominence in letters, science, politics, diplomacy, who has not been a guest of his. He would include men like Herbert Spencer, Froide, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, J. S. Russell Lowell, the Emperor Dom Pedro, Henry Irving, Du Chailu and De Lesseps. There is hardly a volume in his splendid library which does not hold some interesting manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" is there; a rare and entertaining volume contains autograph letters of the various Presidents of the United States, and many other cherished mementos of some acquaintance he has made.

Political honors had no attractions for Mr. Childs, and in all his long and useful career he never felt it his duty to accept a public position. Time and again he refused the mayoralty of Philadelphia, though it was offered to him by both parties with the statement that both would support him; and it is said that even presidential honors might have been his if he had so wished.

But his life is finished and the country mourns his loss, for a most useful Christian career is ended.

BENJAMIN'S LITTLE BATTLE.

The following telegram, dated Wednesday, has been received from Minister Thompson by Secretary Gresham:

"Rio Janeiro, January 31.—Had an interview with Benham. He reported the action fully to the Navy Department yesterday morning. The United States squadron got under way, cleared for action, and having notified the British and French of his intention to protect by force, if necessary, and place alongside of docks any American vessels wishing to go there, Detroit took position before the forts, with orders that if the vessels were not fired upon, a tug boat from one of the American vessels running a line preparatory to hauling in was fired upon from insurgents, but was not struck. The Detroit returned the fire with a six pounder, which struck under the bows of the insurgent cruiser. The insurgent then fired broadside guns to leeward, and later the Detroit returned the fire, with muskets striking the insurgent's stern post. Pursing, the Detroit's commandant hailed the insurgent vessel, telling him that if he fired again he would return the fire, and, if necessary, sink him. One of the American vessels having been carried into a new position near the docks, and a tug having offered services gratuitously to discharge cargoes of all insurgent cruisers, the commander-in-chief of the United States squadron remained unchanged to give American vessels full protection and place them in their berths at docks if they so desired. Later Detroit was withdrawn and anchored. Benham has not interfered in the least with military or naval operations on either side, nor is it his intention to do so. He has notified the insurgents that it is his duty to protect Americans and commerce of the United States, and this he intends to do, and says American vessels must not be interfered with in their movements, but they must take the consequences when getting in the line of fire where legitimate hostilities are actually in progress. Until belated rights are accorded insurgents have no right to exercise authority over American vessels or property. Right of insurgents to search ships, or to seize any portion of their cargoes, is denied, even though they be within the call of piracy."

"Since the effective action of Monday everything is quiet. Attempted blockades of the trade is broken, and events move smoothly. All foreign commanders concur as far as I am advised."

A Fearful Experience.

The Gloucester schooner James and Ella arrived in Portland, Sunday, from Georges banks and reports a late Tuesday night the storm was at its worst. A great wave swept over the decks, carrying off everything movable. Mike Mackey was washed across the deck and was washed overboard. His mate on watch threw a line to him and pulled him in. It was soon discovered that the schooner was making water and before the pumps could be got to work the water was six inches from the cabin floor.

By pumping and bailing the water was kept from rising, but finally it was two feet from the fore-cabin floor and put out the cabin fires. After hard work Capt. Diggins discovered the leak around the keelson and with difficulty the cabin floor was torn up. A bilge was discovered through which the water sprang. The captain probed with a crowbar, dropped it and it went to the bottom of the ship. It was now found that six feet of the garboard plank had been torn off.

Blankets were torn hastily from the bunks and stuffed into the holes, and the flow of water was partially stopped. By this time the pumps had given out and if the leaks had not been stopped the vessel would now be at the bottom.

The pumps were finally got to working and after a time headway was gained and they managed to weather the gale. The schooner made Isle au Haut Saturday, and got to Portland, Sunday, with the crew much exhausted.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

with said engine, neither do I say this to please the editor, but simply from honest convictions. Now, before we derive benefit from any source, we have to supply the necessary fuel. Have we done our duty in setting that tremendous machine in motion? Are we doing our duty in supplying fuel, as it delivers stroke after stroke at our adversaries? I think I am safe in saying no, neither as an individual, a community, or country. How many farmers in Maine subscribe, contribute, read, study or encourage, as they ought to, the agricultural newspaper? While, on the other hand, most of our agricultural heroes are struggling and fighting their battles for a bare existence. We complain of some of our local papers being so high in price compared with its city cousin. The reason is clear enough. Look at the circulation, while you invariably contribute your mite to our city edition, our city folks rarely do anything to help you. The city folks are not trying to fight the oleomargarine bill, all they care for is cheap butter. Now if you want to see the most good done through this mighty engine, you will not only have to support him through your subscription, but you ought to be as liberal in communicating your views, and making known your wants. Then see if he will not champion your rights "to the last of his blood and his breath."

Now, regarding the lack of money, I think we could help that out considerably by insisting on cash payments instead of bartering for goods, as quite a lot of us at present do. The groceryman tells you the price of butter and eggs are equivalent to so many pounds of sugar, tea and coffee, etc. Just as long as you allow him to buy and sell you, he will. Again, how often do we find our neighbor, perhaps our nearest one, trying to undersell us. Now this is unhealthy competition, and hurts more than it helps. As a rule we are in too great a hurry to sell off our produce in the fall. We see our neighbor going to market with potatoes; we find out what he receives, and offer ours to the same merchant at five cents less per bushel.

The Grange is doing a great and good work among us, but there is so much to be done that we ought to divide it into different channels. We are only waking up to find that we are behind the times, and are hoodwinked and cheated at every turning.

I know I have taken up more space than I ought to with these suggestions, and it remains with the editor and readers of the Farmer, if they want any more on this subject.

Knox County.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

ESCUTECHON MARKS.

BY WALTER G. PEARSON.

Mr. Editor: Have read the Maine Farmer for some years now, and occasionally some other farming papers, in all of which I fail to see any reference whatever to the escutcheon marks on cattle.

Is there any excuse for this neglect of so important a subject? When one can tell exactly how good a cow a certain calf will make, or how much of the milking strain courses in the veins of a bull, then certainly we have something tangible to rely on, before which the judges' score card at a cattle show must fade away like dew before the sun. Not that I wish to deny the score card, for that represents the physical health and constitution of the animal as generally represented, but for breeding purposes we need something more, something which can only be found in the escutcheon, which denotes the quantity and quality of the milking strain. I suppose that there are many readers of this piece who never have heard of these marks; others, hearing, have naturally concluded that they do not amount to much. To the latter let me say, you are mistaken. If you have investigated and do not believe, then you must have fallen into error, for these marks never lie, and what is more, can be easily found.

During the past forty years my father has had occasion to prove this, more than once, not only in the purchase of cows for others, as well as himself, but also in the raising of calves. I will not weary the reader much more, but I am led to these remarks by observations made during the past summer, and what I saw was this: Lots of cows that did not pay their board, and if the escutcheon had been regarded, would never have lived to give milk. If what I have written above stirs up the spirit of inquiry or investigation, I shall feel amply repaid. The American farmer should be in the van of progress.

Newburyport, Mass.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

FOR A RUN DOWN FARM.

BY H. C.

One old farmer mixed soil with his green manure, at the rate of two shovelfuls of soil to one of the manure, mixed it well and let it decay, and thought that in this way he thrived his quantity of dressing.

Another farmer takes turf from his pasture, puts it in his barnyard and considers it quite a help, better even than manure for the purpose of increasing his quantity of dressing. Some farms have large pastures which can well spare a little of their turf for the purpose of enriching some of the tilled land within their limits.

Swanville Locals.

Died in Swanville Jan. 29, George T. Nickerson, aged 61 years. He leaves a wife, six sons and three daughters. He was a very worthy citizen and widely known. Farming was his principal business.

Sran lake is furnishing the fishermen much fine trout.

Owners of fast horses are preparing the lake for a trotting park. There are many fine horses owned in town.

Advices by steamer from China announce the complete annihilation, by earthquake, of the city of Kuchan, Persia, containing 20,000 inhabitants. Twelve thousand were killed. Ten thousand bodies have been recovered. Fifty thousand head of cattle were destroyed.

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

Resolutions of respect passed by Dirigo Grange, Freedom, January 11: Whereas, The angel of death has again visited our Grange and taken from our number our beloved brother, R. S. Tucker, who was a charter member and a true patron: Resolved, That in the death of Brother Tucker we have lost one of our most worthy members, and the church a worthy brother. He was also true to his country's call when the dark war cloud hung over the nation. He was a kind father and an affectionate husband.

Resolved, That with one accord we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased brother, knowing their loss is his gain, and while the greater grief falls upon the bereaved, may we with them be enabled to look beyond the darkness of the present to that better home where all tears will be wiped away.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our records, a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and one to the Maine Farmer for publication.

W. E. POLAND, J. E. HALL, Committee.

—The outlook for Golden Sheaf Grange, No. 234, of Sherman's Mills, for 1894 seems bright, although it has been quite dull. Have just taken six new ones and quite a number of applications for our next regular meeting. Officers for '94:

Master—Arthur Coburn. Treasurer—Alfred Cushman, Jr. Lecturer—Mrs. M. B. Townsend. Steward—E. A. Jackman. Ass't Steward—C. E. Robinson. Chaplain—Mrs. Kate R. Cushman. Secretary—F. M. Caldwell. Gate Keeper—E. H. Townsend. Pomona—Mrs. Arthur Coburn. Flora—Mrs. Louis Bryant. Ceres—Mrs. Mary Gilchrist. Lady Asst Steward—Mrs. C. E. Robinson. Yours Fraternally, ARTHUR COBURN.

—On the 23d, a six horse team containing members of Canton Grange, on a seven mile visit to Sister Clara Kilbirth and sons of Livermore. They were there joined by others, among the number were some of Turner's popular grangers. The number swelled to 57. A picnic supper was served; piano, violin and cornet playing, with singing. Made the time pass joyously; also a song by Miss Alta, little daughter of Mr. James Richmond. Last week they made Brother Maxwell a similar visit.

—The following is a list of Wales Grange officers: Master—W. E. Alexander. Orderly—D. A. Maxwell. Lecturer—E. A. Ham. Steward—Milan Sanborn. Ass't Steward—L. A. Sawyer. Chaplain—J. B. Bailey. Treasurer—R. C. Jones. Secretary—A. Moulton. Gate Keeper—Mr. Given. Ceres—Miss Ella Roberts. Pomona—Mrs. Milan Sanborn. Flora—Mrs. E. S. Maxwell. Lady Asst Steward—Miss Annie Sawyer.

—At the last meeting of Windsor Grange thirteen were instructed in two degrees, and six proposals were made for membership. An equal number will come along at the next meeting. Interested visitors were present from China Grange. So it is positive that Windsor Grange is booming.

—By invitation, the members of Leeds Grange were the guests of the Turner Grange on the occasion of their regular meeting, on Saturday last. A large number were in attendance. The Turner Grange greeted their guests with royal good cheer, and did everything possible for their enjoyment. Aside from the regular program, remarks were made by the visiting members, which were highly enjoyed. All returned to their homes refreshed in mind, and feeling it a good thing to be a granger.

—The other evening at the regular meeting of Bear Mountain Grange, Waterford, five were initiated in the fourth degree, making ten new members the past month. After the initiation was over, next in order was installation of officers for the year 1894. Installing officer, Past Master Geo. A. Hall.

—The officers of Whitefield Grange for 1894 are as follows: Master—L. H. Ford. Overseer—F. Bailey. Lecturer—P. B. King. Steward—O. B. Palmer. Assistant Steward—B. A. King. Chaplain—W. H. Ford. Treasurer—S. W. King. Secretary—J. A. Crocker. Gate Keeper—E. F. Hatch. Ceres—R. E. Bailey. Pomona—Mrs. W. H. Ford. Flora—Mrs. E. A. Little. Lady Asst Steward—Mrs. P. B. King. —Grange at North Seaport is flourishing, with ten members on the anxious seat for admission.

Prof. Falt of Berlin prophesies a very probable collision between the earth and the comet of 1893, on Nov. 13th, 1893, when the comet will cut the point where the earth arrives every year at that time. But he does not think harm could come from such collision, the material of the comet being so light, unless the carbonic acid gas of which it is probably composed should poison our atmosphere. But, anyway, he says we may look for a magnificent shower of meteors on that date.

Good Advice.

Faithfully Followed Gave Good Results.

Impure Blood and Weak Stomach.

"If I had not at the advice of a good friend three years ago begun taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I sincerely believe I should be dead."

I Had a Bad Humor.

that would not yield to any treatment. My stomach was also very weak. I suffered badly and was hardly able to get around, when I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began to improve slowly until after I had taken some 10 or 12 bottles, I considered myself well cured. I take a bottle occasionally now as a preventive to keep my blood in good condition, that there may be no return of my trouble. I

recommmend Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends. It did me so much good that it seems as if it had done others good." Mrs. CHRISTINA TEMPLE, Bangor, Me.

Hood's Cures.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of SAMUEL T. HIRSH, late of Wayne, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ALBERT L. SIMPSON, 14

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Hold before a mirror. After reading, look at yourself and see if this does not mean You!

Angier

Horse Department.

The first foal for 1894, reported in Maine, appeared in Calais, Jan. 3, being by Parker Gun. That horse ought to greatly improve the stock of Washington county, and in connection with Olympus mares produce trotters and race winners.

Unless all signs fail the entries to the liberal stakes of 1894 will be as large as in '93. The fact is fixing itself that merit in trotting stock can only be determined by track performances, that the youngsters must be developed to establish the owner and breeder. The stakes offered and guaranteed should be well patronized.

Men speak of the bad habits and tricks in their horses, forgetting that 90% are the result of the cussedness of the owner or owner's boys, who want to make people laugh by showing what the colt can do. What is very cunning in the sucking may be very dangerous in the mature horse. A good motto is to teach only what you would have the pupil remember.

Several sales are reported the past few weeks especially in the vicinity of Lewiston and Auburn, and at long prices, surprisingly long for this year. That these horses are all promising trotters bought with reference to track possibilities is the proof positive of two facts, one that the trotting interest is fully maintained and the other that men wishing for race winners are looking to Maine for their flyers.

For years the cry has been "breed the trotter and if it fails to go you can have the rouser." To-day the order should be reversed for the simple reason that the per cent. of failures on the track has been remarkably large and with these there has been none of the qualities of the road horse. Breed the road horse only; let that be the one object aimed at, and then if speed is promised it means increased value. Give us the road horse first.

Nearly a score of years ago, Dr. Bailey published a series of articles in these columns in support of his theory that the 200 trotter would not be evolved in the present generation, at least. He has lately taken up the subject in an exchange, and by a most interesting and ingeniously arranged argument, proven the fact an impossibility. To us it seems that the hope of future possibilities is the only incentive to improvement, and therefore think it wise to leave the limit of speed an unknown factor, as it must ever be.

Evidently somebody has erred, for it has all along been reported that Rigby Park had been declared the best, fastest, etc., in the country, by the great track builder. Now comes the *Spirit of the Times*, saying:

"Seth Griffin, the champion track builder, writes *The Spirit* that he has no intention of giving up his life on the trotting track. He says the material of the best he ever saw and that he has had no expense or time in its acquisition. He regards it as the best he has yet made, and says that if ever the 200 trotter is realized it will be over his surface."

The utility of the pacer as a road horse is being demonstrated through increasing public demand. There are a hundred good pacers now in use as roadsters in city and country, where ten years ago not twenty were to be seen. The reasons are plain. All pacers can "go home," and it costs less to train and develop the speed of a pacer, and his rider can afford to sell at a less price than the trotter which he has hired worked two years at large expense to find out that he cannot go fast. It is also a fact which the public has come to know, that the average pacer is more durable on the paved streets than the higher-acting trotter.

The *Mirror* is responsible for the following:

"H. T. Cutts once offered Ben Franklin for sale for \$250. A link in the history of this noted sire not generally known is the fact that Mr. Cutts decided they never could make a trotter out of him, and he sold him to a man to come and castrate the colt. The day proved a very stormy one and the party did not come. Then some one prevailed on Mr. Cutts to try more, and the horse was sent to Jones Golden, who squared his gait and drove him trials in 2:22 and gave him a record of 2:29."

To-day this horse stands well at the front as a sire of stylish road horses and fast trotters. The experience of this horse might be duplicated many, many times, yet men deny that there is any element of chance in the business.

Franklin county has always enjoyed a good reputation for quality of horse stock, and this is rapidly being supplanted by quantity. We look to see Alcayone, the son of Alcayone, owned by Messrs. Parlin & French, Phillips, take a high position as a sire of stylish, courageous road horses, promising speed. Only good reports are heard from his colts, and, in spite of hard times, sales are being made at satisfactory prices. A careful study was made of the individual, as well as his blood lines, before purchase was made, and mated to the good mares of the county, valuable colts should be forthcoming. There is no call for the farmers of Franklin to go away from home, and surely no excuse for not breeding their mares. Let us have all the choice stock possible. It is the culls which are selling below cost.

The question of stallion fees is just now agitating the mind of nearly every breeder. Those who own good blooded mares, for which large sums have been paid, naturally desire to secure all that is possible; while those who need to purchase, naturally seek a lower range of prices. That fees must be reduced is no question, and that the first depression will be to the injury of the breeder and horse is equally certain, but it cannot hold, because the reduction is simply and only in recognition of the demands of the times. If there is any spirit of justice in the minds of the farmers and smaller breeders, they will prove appreciation of the step taken by the owners of valuable stallions. The benefits are on their side, and the result of reduced fees should be increased service.

Every good, sound brood mare



OXFORD DOWN EWE.

should be bred this year with a view to growing a first-class road horse.

A recognized authority in trotting horse centres said to the writer a few days since "The standard as at present applied is a positive injury." It makes the individual of less value than the registered number. We must have a change so that the horse shall be first in our basis of calculation." John Haines the veteran driver says:

"I like the standard which the market has created. Size, soundness, style, disposition, action, gait, color and speed of the animal is the standard conferred by the purchaser to-day."

When the breeders of Maine learn to breed according to the requirements of this standard, they will find ready sale for their product at remunerative prices. Let us take no more shoddy from the American congress of breeders, because somebody somewhere has bred a great horse in certain blood lines. "It is not that I love Brutus less, but Caesar more." I like good breeding, but I like a good horse still more. The poor boy, once the rail-splitter in the forests of Illinois, becomes the mighty Lincoln to save a great nation. The poor tanner of unpretentious parentage, becomes a great general to lead to victory the Union forces and win the homage of every tongue. In the horse, as in man, he should possess the elements of greatness to win the sceptre of royalty."

STATE FAIR COT STAKES.

The Trustees of the State Society did a good thing at their meeting last week, when they, in answer to a general call from the smaller breeders and farmers, placed the guaranteed stakes for 1894 within the reach of every man. That times are not as easy as last year, there is no question, and, on the other hand, that the number of colts to be trained is fully as large as ever there can be no doubt. With these facts before them, and wishing to be of service to the smaller breeders as well as larger, the Trustees have placed the cot stakes for the coming year as follows:

Foals of 1893. \$300.00. Entry fees: April 1, \$5.00; May 1, \$5.00; July 1, \$5.00. Foals of 1892. \$400.00. Payments: April 1, \$5.00; May 1, \$5.00; July 1, \$5.00. Foals of 1891. \$500.00, and foals of 1890 \$600.00. Payments: April 1, \$7.50; May 1, \$7.50; July 1, \$10.00. Colts to be named April 1.

These stakes being guaranteed insure liberal purses for each age, while the payments are made extremely easy and light. Breeders desiring full particulars should address the Secretary at Augusta. Now let the owners of good colts make preparations to enter and avail themselves of these stakes.

A RARE KIND OF HORSE.

Place \$1000 in the hands of an intelligent buyer, says a writer, and tell him to secure a horse for you standing 16 hands, weighing about 1100 pounds, standard color, handsome and stylish, good disposition and fearless, with courage, endurance and action that will allow him to road naturally twelve miles an hour and pull you, with a companion, down the road better than a 250 gait, and your buyer, if an honest man, will bring you back your money and a size impossible to find such a horse. Such a horse is the gentleman's ideal road horse, a type for which there is an enormous demand and no apparent supply.—*Horseman*.

For a trotting horse authority this must be considered rank heresy, but to us it seems like good gospel. If the class of horses can be increased and the supply met there is sure profit in the business. The difference in the way are nearly all the outcome of past practices where another standard has filled the eye and brain. The question is not from what family, because the call of the market may be met with any, if that be made the objective point in breeding. Let us have a generation of gent's drivers.

Poultry Department.

Turn over a new leaf this year and stop selecting eggs for hatching from the entire flock. Breed only from the best.

Start now with a distinct idea of form adapted to purpose, and breed for it, whether it be eggs or poultry. Don't straddle the entire field any longer.

A well bred prepotent sire will add from twenty to thirty per cent. to the size or production—not both—of any grade flock in the first generation.

Breed up not down this year. Take a step in advance. There will be pleasure and satisfaction, to feelings as well as pocketbook, in the effort.

Use healthy, hearty grade hens if you will, but never a grade male. Be sure of a pure blooded animal and also that he is likely to intensify what you desire to strengthen in your flock.

The question to-day is not so much of breeds as of individuals. A Leghorn which will not lay is no better than a mongrel. The measure of value must be that of practical utility.

No man can afford to use a grade male of any kind, color, shape or description. Individual merit backed by blood inheritance must be the motto everywhere, with all our stock.

If early chicks are to be the order of the year early hatching must be attended to. The trouble with far too many is that they wait until ready for the chicks before mating the breeding pens. There's altogether too much "hired sight" in the poultry business.

The 12th of October last we published a lengthy article from the *Poultry Keeper*, describing a machine for cutting clover for the use of poultry. A correspondent wants to know where he can get one of the machines. We refer him to Kendall & Whitney of Portland, who keep everything in that line.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

The hatchery men of Massachusetts have been sending down on the Cape for eggs, thinking that because there's no snow there, and the hens have free access to the ground, the eggs should hatch, but they don't. There must be a reason for this. Why should not eggs hatch as well in February as in April or May? Are they necessarily constituted differently then? As soon as the hens get out on the ground, find the green blades of grass, and begin to be active, the per cent. of fertile chicks also. The great problem to solve, then, is whether the conditions which prevail in April can be secured in February. If so, when the eggs should hatch and would hatch as well now as then. It is a problem of great importance to every breeder seeking profit from the industry, for no one should be satisfied unless realizing the most. The explanation for the difference in results must be the greater activity, the more natural food, and the reduced grain rations. Are these impossible in February? If so, then there's no use trying for early chicks.

The eggs must be composed of all the elements entering in the complete structure, and in right proportions; they must be laid by healthy hens, and fertilized by a rugged male full of virile energy, then they will hatch. The science of the business lies in finding just that condition. How?

1st. Egg Elements. These come from the food, air and

water. By the use of chopped clover, (well cooked), green bone pounded or cut, animal meal, cooked vegetables, skim milk and reduced grain ration—made up of oats, wheat, bran and corn—the elements will surely be supplied. Bulk necessary for comfort must be secured by the use of the clover and the vegetables, not by grain, the proportion of the latter being only enough to insure health, by providing for the wastes and maintaining the energies. Not what one eats, but what it needs, should govern throughout the entire animal economy. Thus one quart of ground feed—equal parts oats, corn and middlings—is sufficient grain ration for thirty hens, the bucketful to be made up of less concentrated but none the less necessary elements.

Health can only be gained and maintained by activity. Keep the hens at work all day, every day. Hang cabbage where they must jump to reach them. Carry to the pens unthreshed grain, or scatter a few oats in the chaff, or bury in dirt forming the floor. Provide fresh water at least twice a day, and be sure that, through ventilation, the pens are kept sweet and the air pure, while protecting from draughts. Activity opens the secret path to health. If these steps have been guarded closely the energies of the entire flock, male and female, will be insured.

Not only are the eggs to be fertilized, but the potential energies are wanted which will insure strong, healthy chicks. Looking after these things, all small, seemingly of minor importance in and by themselves, the output of the hens may be insured, and the conditions of April made possible in February. Try it.

ANALYSIS OF BONE.

The question arises very often why green bone is to be preferred to dry and why its presence in the daily ration is so necessary. Mr. W. P. Wheeler of the New York Experiment Station gives the following analysis of green bone which should be preserved by poultry growers: The proportion of water in fresh bone, as you are aware, varies somewhat. The amount of moisture in the fresh bone fed during a period of about eight months, and of which record was kept, varied from about thirty to about forty per cent.

Of the many samples of bone (mixed lots) taken during several months the average composition was as follows:

Moisture..... 34.2%
Ash (mineral matter)..... 22.5%
Fat..... 20.5%
Albuminoids..... 20.0%
Undetermined Organic constituents..... 1.9%

The ash contained 87.4 per cent. of phosphate of lime, 11.5 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and 1.1 per cent. of other mineral constituents.

Analysis which you may find of pure bone freed from any adhering substance will differ considerably from this which is of the average bone as fed, containing a small amount of adhering muscle, etc. Fresh bone is undoubtedly one of the very best of poultry foods, and in my opinion should be finely cut. I prefer not to risk feeding ground bone, which may contain large splinters to hungry chicks.

This proves the claim so often made that green bones, with the small amount of muscle or fibrous matter attaching, form an almost complete poultry food. The expense of these against grain can easily be computed, while the fact that one is natural while the other is heating and forcing, strengthens the claim for the daily use of cut bone. In drying the water is evaporated and chemical changes take place, largely reducing the per cent. of digestible matter and also its value for the purpose desired.

HOLDING THEIR CORN.

Most of the smaller corn-packers of Maine have their season's pack still on their hands, despite their efforts to sell at a fair profit. The larger packers, whose goods are contracted for in advance, have a clean board ready for the season of 1894.

It is said that some of the larger packers have been attempting to bear the brunt of the market by representing that last season's corn pack in the State was fully up to the average. This statement is contrary to fact and reason, say the dealers who still have corn on hand. These allege that the pack was not above two-thirds of the usual magnitude and that they shall hold their goods for a fair price. They add that a dull market and not a surplus of corn is what makes trade move so sluggishly. The larger packers, of course, wish the visible supply to go out of the hands of the packers so that they can make favorable contracts for the coming season.

A prominent Portland man who is thoroughly conversant with all the intricacies of the corn trade, says that small packers make a mistake when they put rates on a single carload of corn, that is, unless the outlook justified selling off at that figure. "But if they propose to hang out for that price," says this gentleman, "they mustn't cut rates in a single instance. The fact is there are only about 2000 wholesale grocers in the United States, and one hundred brokers control the corn trade. They keep each other well posted and if you sell a carload of corn at a certain price, that quotation is known inside of twenty-four hours and is used as a lever against you and your fellow-packers."

"There's a new element coming up in the corn trade, Maine's pack last year was about 600,000 cases. There's one town in Illinois that packs 250,000 cases, and more corn is put up in the West every year. It isn't so good as the Maine product, I'll allow, but it's good nevertheless, and in trade this encroachment of the Western product will surely have its effect. It's selling for ninety or ninety-five cents per case, and Maine naturally enough wants \$1.10 or \$1.15 for hers. But packers in this State find demand vastly different than in the days when Maine packed the corn for the world."

OXFORD DOWNS.

Because of the fact that in spite of present low prices there is still profit in sheep growing and that the mutton side of the question must receive our attention more than ever, we present our readers with a fine illustration of an Oxford Down ewe, bred and owned by W. A. Shafer, Middletown, Ohio. This ewe was bred in England, is now two years old, raised two lambs the past season, was not fitted for show, but only in good healthy condition when photographed, weighing then 295 pounds. This is the class of sheep wanted on our Maine farms—size, form, and meat qualities being the essentials to-day.

Anything to Oblige.

Mr. Greatman—I wish you'd stop printing my portrait every time any little thing happens to me, or else get a new one. You've had that old plate in seventeen times.

Editor—All right, my dear sir. Anything to oblige.

Assistant Foreman (a week later)—I can't find that picture of Sam, the sneak thief, anywhere.

Foreman—Well, dump in that old picture of Mr. Greatman. It ain't going to be used for him any more.—N. Y. Weekly.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

TO THE
Subscribers AND Friends
OF THE
MAINE FARMER.

Owing to the stringency of the times, and following the custom that now prevails in large publishing centres, the publishers of the *Maine Farmer* have decided to reduce the subscription price of the paper from \$2.00 per year to \$1.50 per year.

The plan of offering premiums has never entered into the arrangements for carrying on the *Farmers*. It is always a cumbersome and unsatisfactory adjunct. But the reduction of fifty cents to each subscriber, will be of itself a premium on which each subscriber will realize immediately.

The paper will stand on its merits, as it has ever stood, and the cheapening of the price of subscription will not in any sense mean a cheaper paper in its contents. Each department will be fully kept up, and the same expense put upon the paper as now. All the features that have given character to the paper will be continued and even more fully developed. The acknowledged organ and defender of the Grange, it will labor now, as heretofore, in its interests, as well as for the interests of every branch of farming and industrial pursuit.

The cost of producing an agricultural paper is immensely larger than the cost of a paper of a miscellaneous character, and more especially those using second hand matter, doing its service first in the daily press. And while this may mean the temporary loss to us of several thousand dollars, we have faith enough in our patrons and the farmers of Maine generally, to believe they will rally to the support of the paper in the increase of its circulation and influence.

The arrangement of \$1.50 per year in advance, will begin the first of January, 1894, and not only our new subscribers, but all now on our list will have the benefit of the reduction. Those in arrears must pay up to the first of January at the old rates, and if they will respond promptly, and begin square on the new terms, they will greatly help us in inaugurating this new departure.

Now, as we have made this liberal concession, let the farmers of Maine all lend a helping hand to increase the circulation of their favorite paper, and plant it in the homes now deprived of its weekly visits.

BADGER & MANLEY.
Augusta, Jan. 1, 1894.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

A news item from a New Jersey town says that "dandelions are in bloom." So are the dandy liars.

Prevention is Better.

Then cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, that is, for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect. Wife to (corrupt husband)—"Stand just there and let me sit in the shade."

A young man in Lowell, Mass., troubled for years with a constant succession of boils on his neck, was completely cured by taking only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another result of the treatment was greatly improved digestion with increased avoirdupois.

Bolled cabbage is much sweeter when the water is changed in boiling.

"Having examined the formula from which Adamson's Botanic Balm is prepared, we recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of asthma, coughs, colds and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs."

"GEO. W. MARTIN, M. D.,
"H. STEARNS, M. D.,
"Formerly Surgeon N. M. Asylum, Togus, Me."

Starter—"I met a man this morning who said I looked like you." Smartly—"Tell me who he is, and I'll go and knock him down." Starter—"I did that myself."

Two tired, languid feeling and dull headed men, very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

To scale fish easily, dip them in boiling water.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

Ethel—"How did he make all his money?" Charlie—"Smoking!" he was the greatest smoker in America." Ethel—"Nonsense, Charlie; you can't make money by smoking." Charlie—"He did, he smoked hags."

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

In baking bread or rolls, put a saucen of boiling water in the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Does Not Bite
the Tongue

B-L

Tobacco

is free from

coppers or any

injurious adulterations.

ADAMSON'S
BOTANIC
COUGH BALM
CURES
COUGHS,
COLDS, ASTHMA,
HAY FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO
CONSUMPTION
Regular Sizes 35¢ and 75¢

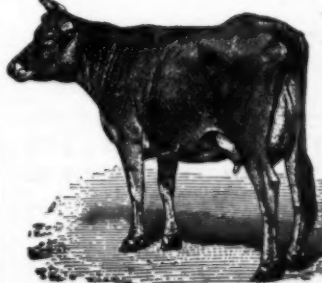
Try it on

the dog. It will do him good; or his master. When a horse gets cut, bruised, or chafed, there's nothing like Phenol Sodique to put on.

HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Philadelphia.

At druggists. Take no substitute.

JERSEYS



FOR SALE.

Several Jersey bulls and heifers, all aged, Cattle Club registry, sired by my Tennessee bred bull, and rich butter stock.

C. F. COBB,
South Vassalboro.

A. J. C. C. BULL.

DROPPED APR. 8, 1893.

A son of Fancy's Harry 7th, where dam and sire's dam is an average test of 4 lbs. 10 1/2 oz. butter in 7 days. One of the richest red butter bulls in the world. Dam of large size, rich, heavy milkers. With nice shaped udder and good sized teats; also a repeated prize-winner at Maine State Fair. She is a cow after Sir Florian, the most noted Jersey bull ever owned in Maine, and his get are excellent butter cows. Granddam contains 75% of Great Aho; blood close up. A grand chance to obtain a very richly-lined young bull to head your herd. Color light fawn, some white spots. Thrifty and good size.

Price, \$40; registered.
O. R. JONES, Wales, Me.,
Breeder of A. J. C. C. Stock.

Thanksgiving

SPICES

The Fuller Drug Store, Augusta, Me.

World's Fair Highest Awards

Medal and Diploma on our INCUBATOR and BROODER Combined. "Old Reliable" home! If you want to hatch, or to rear, or to sell, you must use our incubator. It is the only one that will hatch and rear and sell. Reliable Incubator and Brooder Co., Quincy, Ill.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM

With the Improved Excelsior Incubator. Simple, Perfect, Self-Regulating. No fire, no gas, no smoke, no noise, no odor, no expense. Guaranteed to hatch and rear and sell. Send for 104-page Ill. Catalogue. Reliable Incubator and Brooder Co., Quincy, Ill.

INCUBATORS & BROODERS

Brooders only \$5. Best and cheapest for raising chicks. 40 first premiums. 1000 testimonials; send for catalogue. G. S. SINGER, Box 111, Cambridge, O.

SINGERS!

In Door and Out-Door Brooders. No FIRST PREMIUMS. Send for 104-page Ill. Catalogue. Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.

U.S. AGENTS

GOLD CURE, relief for hard, rheumatic and Catarrhal coughs, Consumption and colds. Large bottles, 25 cents. Chase, R. Partridge, Chemist, opp. P. O. Augusta.

Wanted. Editorial Salary Paid. Send for terms. You furnished. Free. P. O. YERKLEY, Augusta, Me.

